

VISIT...

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JUNE 88



PART FOUR OF FOUR

BATMAN

TEN NIGHTS
OF THE

Beast

STARLIN • APARO • DECARLO



2ccc



DAY 9, 11:15 P.M. THE
OFFICE OF AMBROSE
DEARLING, ENGINEER.

AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT THE SIGN
OUT FRONT HIS SHOP SAYS. THE
TRUTH, THOUGH, IS THAT DEARLING'S
SPECIALTY WAS MANUFACTURING
CUSTOM MADE WEAPONS FOR
ANYONE WHO COULD COME UP WITH
THE RIGHT PRICE.

MY GUESS IS, AMBROSE'S LAST
CUSTOMER WAS ONE ANATOLI
KINYAZEV, A.K.A. THE KGB BEAST.

THE BEAST NEEDED A NEW HAND.
HE LOST HIS OLD ONE FIGHTING ME
THREE DAYS AGO. THIS IS WHERE HE
WOULD HAVE COME FOR A REPLACEMENT.

UNFORTUNATELY, I FIGURED
THAT OUT TOO LATE TO
HELP AMBROSE.

TEN NIGHTS OF THE BEAST PART 4

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DAY 10, 8:55 A.M.
GOTHAM AIRPORT.

GOTHAM INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

EVERYONE'S CROWDING OUTSIDE
THE TERMINAL--REPORTERS, COPS, SECRET
SERVICE AGENTS, PASSERSBY.

IT'S LIKE THIS EVERY
TIME THE PRESIDENT
COMES TO TOWN.

THAT'S WHY I CHOSE THIS
PARTICULAR TIME AND PLACE
TO STRIKE.

NO ONE SEES
ME COMING.

THE SECRET SERVICE AGENTS
ARE LOOKING FOR GROUND
LEVEL TROUBLE.

FORTUNATELY, GORDON AND
HIS MEN KNOW WHAT I'M
UP TO.

THEY'LL RUN INTERFERENCE FOR ME.

THE ONLY WAY TO ENSURE REAGAN'S
SAFETY IN GOTHAM CITY IS FOR ME
TO KIDNAP HIM.

OF COURSE, WE DIDN'T
BOTHR TO INFORM FBI
AGENT PARKER ABOUT
THIS... AN.

HALT! OR
I'LL SHOOT!

I WARNED
YOU...

KBLAM

SORRY,
SLIPPED...

I APOLOGIZE FOR THIS
UNORTHODOX PROCEDURE,
MR. PRESIDENT.

I TAKE IT I'M
BEING
KIDNAPPED?

NO, SIR. YOU'RE
BEING ESCORTED
TO YOUR HOTEL.

I BELIEVE YOU KNOW CIA
AGENT RALPH BUNDY.

I HOPE YOU
HAVE A GOOD
REASON FOR
THIS STUNT,
SON.

JUST TRYING TO
KEEP YOU ALIVE, SIR.



YOU AND YOUR MEN HELPED BATMAN KIDNAP THE PRESIDENT, DIDN'T YOU?!

THAT'S RIGHT.



DOING IT YOUR WAY WOULD HAVE GOTTEN REAGAN KILLED.



YOU STILL THINK THE SECURITY LEAK'S COMING FROM MY GROUP?!

YOU'RE GOING TO PAY DEARLY FOR THIS MOVE, GORDON!



I DOUBT IT.



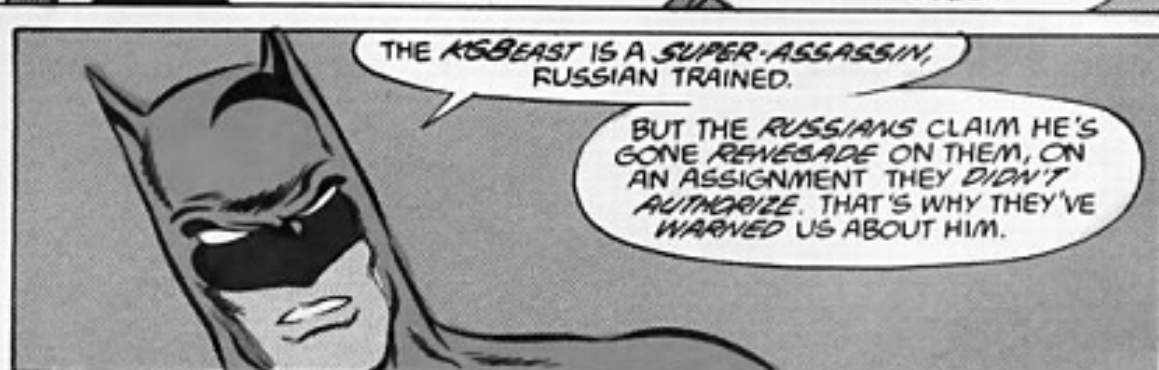
I DEMAND TO KNOW WHERE YOU'VE GOT THE PRESIDENT STASHED!

THE PRESIDENTIAL SUITE AT THE COMMODORE, JUST AS PLANNED...

... BUT WE GOT HIM THERE WITHOUT ANY BULLET HOLES.



DAY 10, 10:10 A.M.
THE HOTEL COMMODORE.



THE KISSBEAST IS A SUPER-ASSASSIN, RUSSIAN TRAINED.

BUT THE RUSSIANS CLAIM HE'S GONE RENEGADE ON THEM, ON AN ASSIGNMENT THEY DIDN'T AUTHORIZE. THAT'S WHY THEY'VE WARNED US ABOUT HIM.



THE BEAST PLANS TO KILL TEN KEY PEOPLE INVOLVED WITH THE STRATEGIC DEFENSE INITIATIVE, THE STAR WARS PROGRAM.

HE HOPES THESE DEATHS WILL CRIPPLE THE PROGRAM, BRINGING AN END TO IT.



UNFORTUNATELY, HE'S BEEN VERY SUCCESSFUL IN THIS VENTURE SO FAR. WE'VE ONLY BEEN ABLE TO SAVE TWO OF THE NINE PEOPLE HE'S MARKED FOR DEATH.

THE BEAST HAS BEEN VICIOUS IN ACHIEVING HIS ENDS, MURDERING MORE THAN 100 PEOPLE SINCE COMING TO GOTHAM.



THEY'LL BE COMING OUR WAY, SALARI. 6:10 P.M.



ALL WILL BE IN ORDER.

THE KING OF THE CAPITALIST PIGS DIES TONIGHT!



NOW THAT WE'VE FINALLY GOTTEN RID OF AGENT PARKER, I CAN TELL YOU HOW WE'RE REALLY GOING TO TRANSPORT YOU TO THE CONVENTION CENTER, SIR.



DO YOU REALLY BELIEVE *SOMEONE* IN PARKER'S GROUP IS THE *TRAITOR* WHO'S BEEN SUPPLYING THE BEAST WITH *INFO* ON HIS VICTIMS?

YES, SIR.



IN FACT, I NOW KNOW *EXACTLY* WHO THE *INSIDE MAN* IS.

I'M GOING TO ARRANGE FOR *HIM* TO BE WITH *ME* WHEN I DELIVER *YOU* TO THE CENTER.



I'M SURE THAT'S WHERE THE BEAST WILL STRIKE WHEN HIS *INITIAL ASSAULT* FAILS.

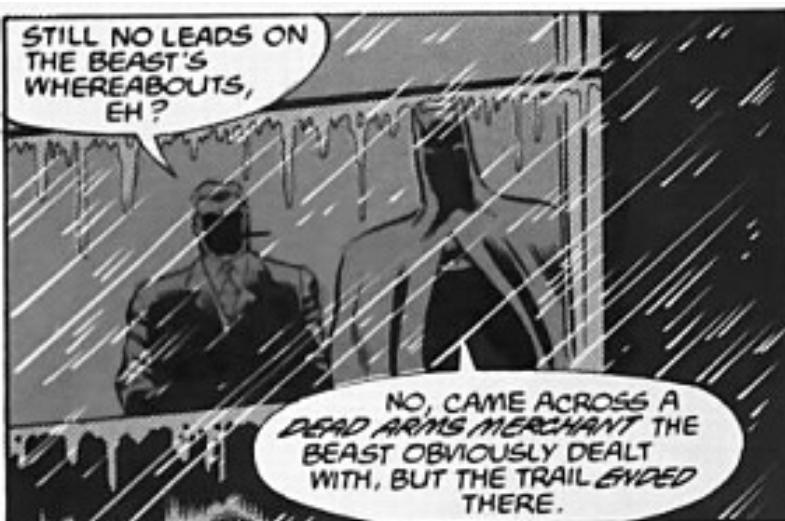


DAY 10, 6:01 P.M.

YOU CAN TELL THE PRESIDENT THAT THE *CHAPPER*'S HERE.



Com



DAY 10, 6:10 P.M.

EVERYTHING'S
GOING ACCORDING
TO PLAN.

BUT THE TRIP ACROSS THE ROOF TO
THE HELICOPTER SEEMS TO TAKE FOREVER.

A SHARPEYED COP
SPOTS HIM FIRST.

LOOK!

...OVER ON
THE CRAIGMORE
BUILDING!

SUICIDE
MISSION.

ENOUGH DYNAMITE
TO BLOW THE ENTIRE
ROOF OFF THE HOTEL.



WHUI!

ROBIN ONLY GETS ONE CHANCE
TO KNOCK THE ASSASSIN OFF COURSE.

HE DOESN'T
WASTE THE
OPPORTUNITY.

SALARY
AND SOME
WINDOWS
ARE THE
ONLY
FATALITIES.

A FINE JOB,
LAD.

THANK
YOU, MR.
PRESIDENT.

MR.
PRESIDENT!
ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT!

I'M FIT AS A FIDDLE,
PARKER. HOW ARE
YOU?

GORDON!!

WHERE'S THE
PRESIDENT?!

DAY 10, 6:35 P.M. THE
REAR ENTRANCE TO GOTHAM'S
CONVENTION CENTER.

WELL, WE
MADE IT.

I STILL DON'T
UNDERSTAND
WHY YOU ASKED
ME ALONG...

...AND WHY YOU
REQUESTED
I NOT INFORM
AGENT PARKER
ABOUT IT.

BECAUSE PARKER'S
GOT A LEAK IN HIS
ORGANIZATION,
BUT I DON'T THINK
YOU'RE IT.

I'VE BEEN WATCHING
YOU. I LIKED THE WAY
YOU HANDLED YOURSELF
THE OTHER DAY.

WE'LL TAKE THE
PRESIDENT THROUGH
THE BASEMENT
ENTRANCE.

YOU TAKE UP A
POSITION, HERE
AT THE DOOR.

SURE
THING.

I CAN FEEL HIS
EYES ON MY
BACK.

IT'S LIKE TURNING
YOUR BACK ON
A COBRA.

HE SHOULD BE GOING
FOR HIS GUN, RIGHT
ABOUT NOW.

DEPEND ON THE BEAST TO COME AT US FROM AN UNEXPECTED DIRECTION.



HE SPRINGS OUT OF A SEWER GRATE LIKE SOME EVIL JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

THE BEAST'S AIM IS PERFECT. HE GOES FOR THE HEART.



FIP FIP
IN HIS OWN WAY, HE'S VERY PREDICTABLE.

I'VE OVERESTIMATED MAC DONALD. HE'S NERVOUS. HIS SECOND SHOT GOES WILD AND CATCHES ME IN THE SHOULDER.

THE SAME SHOULDER THE BEAST WOUNDED FOUR DAYS AGO.



MY HEAD'S SPINNING FROM THE PAIN.

CAN'T MAKE MY MOVE UNTIL JUST THE RIGHT MOMENT.

HEY!
HE'S STILL ALIVE!



BUT I'M RUNNING OUT OF TIME!

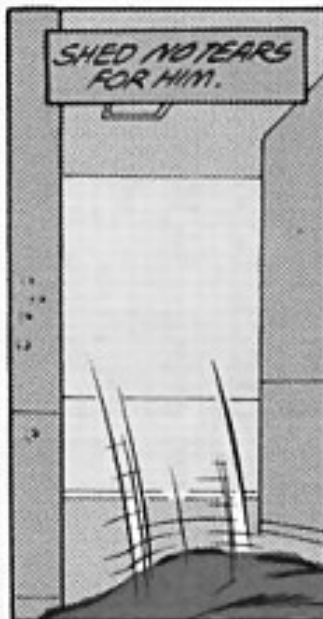
THEN KILL HIM...



...WHILE I TAKE CARE OF THIS OLD FOOL!



BUNDY, WHERE ARE YOU?





THE TRAIL KEEPS
LEADING DEEPER
INTO THE BOWELS
OF THE CITY.

HAVE TO TAKE IT EXTREMELY
EASY FROM HERE ON.

I'M NOT
ALONE
DOWN
HERE.

DEATH'S
WAITING
FOR ME.

THE BEAST KNOWS I'LL
BE COMING FOR HIM.

IF I WERE HIM, I'D SET
UP AN AMBUSH.

I HEAR THE SLIGHT SOUND OF LEATHER
BRUSHING AGAINST CONCRETE.

I MOVE.

FIP FIP FIP FIP



THE FLYING DEAD MAN
MANEUVER BUYS ME
A HALF SECOND.



HAVE TO PUT THAT
GUN OUT OF
ACTION.



FLIP



THEN THE BEAST
TURNS THE
TABLES ON ME.

SUCKERED BY
MY OWN TRICK.



I'M DEAD,
UNLESS...

JAMMED.

MY KICK
JAMMED
THE AMMO
CLIP.



THAT'S THE PROBLEM WITH
AUTOMATIC WEAPONS.

BUT THAT DOESN'T
STOP THE BEAST.



THERE'S
NOTHING
WRONG
WITH HIS
BAYONET

I CLOSE IN, SO HE CAN'T USE
THE BLADE EFFECTIVELY.

BUT THIS CLOSE-RANGE
BRUTALITY IS MORE THAN
EITHER OF US CAN TAKE.

THE BEAST GIVES ME
A PARTING SHOT,
SOMETHING TO
REMINDE ME WHICH
OF US IS ARMED.

BUT I MANAGED
TO GET IN A FEW
LICKS OF MY OWN.

WE BREAK OFF THE ENCOUNTER,
WHEEZING LIKE A COUPLE OF
OLD MEN.

THAT'S A MISTAKE THAT
WILL COST HIM.

I USE HIS OWN
MOMENTUM
TO TWIST HIM
AROUND.

THE BLADE DIGS DEEP
INTO THE WALL.

I KNOW THE BEAST
HASN'T HAVE ANY
TROUBLE GETTING
IT OUT.

NEITHER OF US HAS
CAUGHT OUR BREATH
YET, BUT THAT DOESN'T
STOP THE ASSASSIN.

SO I SHATTER IT BEFORE
HE GETS THE CHANCE.

THE BEAST RETURNS THE
FAVOR BY TEAR GASSING
ME. FORTUNATELY, I SEE
IT COMING.

I MANAGE TO GRAB A LUNGFUL OF AIR.
KNYAZEV PROBABLY HAS NOSE FILTERS.

THE BEAST TAKES
FULL ADVANTAGE
OF THE GAS.

I FEEL A
COUPLE OF
MY RIBS GO.

ONLY MY TRAINING
AND REFLEXES
SAVE ME FROM A
FRACTURED SKULL.

MY LUNGS ARE
ALREADY BEGINNING
TO BURN.

THE BEAST GETS
OVERCONFIDENT
AND SLOPPY.

I USE HIM TO FAN
AWAY THE GAS.

I HOPE TO FIND THE BEAST
SPRAWLED AGAINST A
WALL WHEN I EXIT THE
GAS CLOUD.

NO SUCH LUCK. HE'S AS
AGILE AS A JUNGLE CAT.

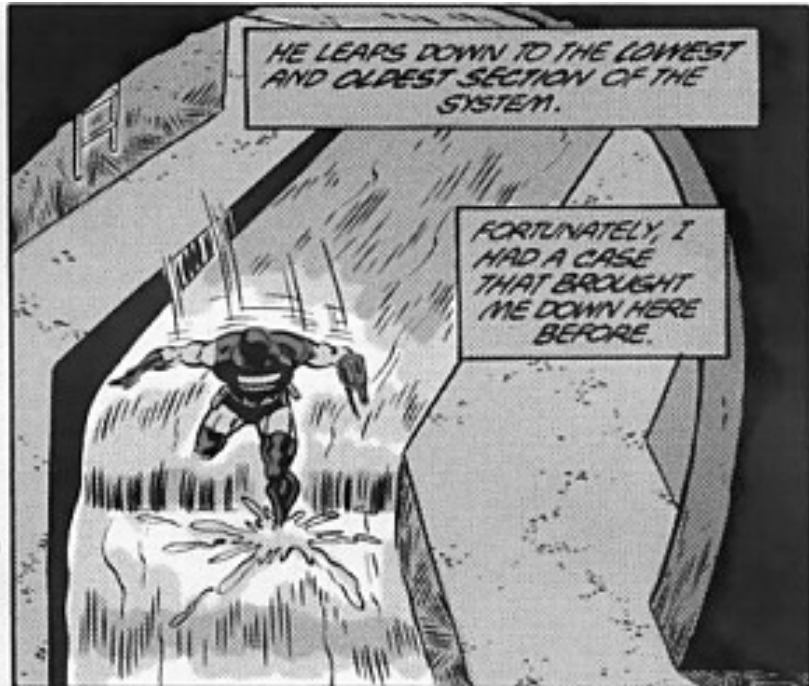
KNYAZEV DECIDES
TO RABBIT.

HE OBVIOUSLY
HOPES TO SET
UP ANOTHER
AMBUSH.



HE LEAPS DOWN TO THE LOWEST
AND OLDEST SECTION OF THE
SYSTEM.

FORTUNATELY, I
HAD A CASE
THAT BROUGHT
ME DOWN HERE
BEFORE.



I HAVE THIS SECTION OF
PIPES AND PASSAGES
MEMORIZED.



THAT'S HOW I KNOW
ABOUT THE BACK DOOR.



HE HEARS ME
LAND AND REACTS
INSTANTLY.

LUCKILY, I'VE
FAIRLY QUICK
REFLEXES
MYSELF.



IT'S ALMOST OVER.

THE BEAST IS
RUNNING OUT
OF PLACES
TO ESCAPE TO.

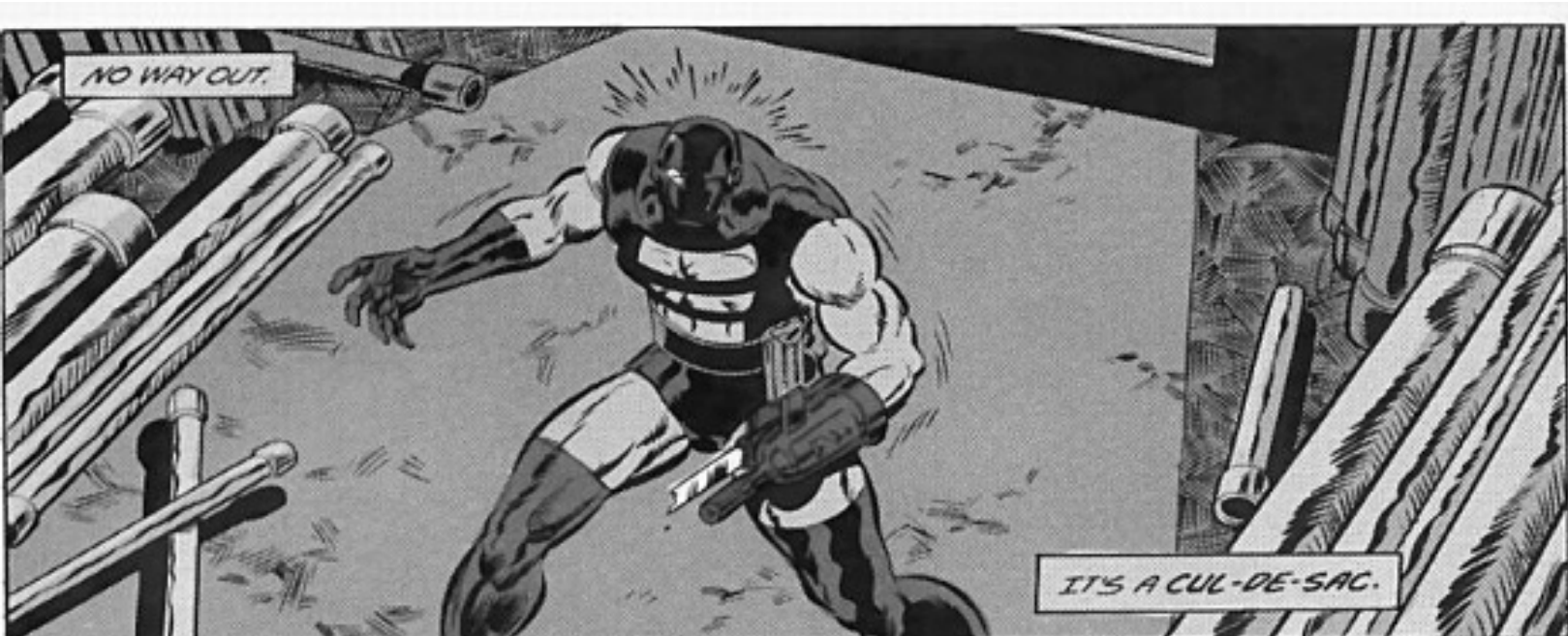


HE SPOTS THE DOOR, JUST AS I
EXPECTED.



I DON'T RUSH IN AFTER
HIM.





NO WAY OUT.

IT'S A CUL-DE-SAC.



TRAPPED!



WELL, MY WORTHY OPPONENT... A TIME OF RECKONING IS UPON US.



TIME FOR US TO FIND OUT WHICH OF US IS THE BEST...

...THE BEST AT THIS GAME OF LIFE AND DEATH!



WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?

COME! LET US PLAY OUT THIS BLACK GAME!

WHY SHOULD I?

A FEW YEARS AGO I
WOULD HAVE JUMPED AT
THIS CHANCE TO TEST
MYSELF
AGAINST
YOU.

BUT TIME HAS TAUGHT
ME MANY VALUABLE
LESSONS.

THERE'S NO REASON
FOR ME TO RISK MY LIFE,
COMING IN THERE AFTER
YOU.

IT WOULD NEITHER
ACCOMPLISH NOR
PROVE ANYTHING
WORTHWHILE.

SOMETIMES YOU HAVE
TO IGNORE THE RULES.

SOMETIMES CIRCUMSTANCES
ARE SUCH THAT THE RULES
PERVERT JUSTICE.

I'M NOT IN THIS
BUSINESS TO PROTECT
THE RULES. I SERVE
JUSTICE.





IURING THE WANING DAYS OF THE SOVIET EMPIRE, A RENEGADE RUSSIAN AGENT KNOWN ONLY AS THE KGBEAST COMES TO GOTHAM. HIS MISSION: ASSASSINATE TEN PEOPLE VITAL TO THE SUCCESS OF THE STAR WARS SYSTEM. CAN EVEN THE DARK KNIGHT STOP THIS INHUMAN KILLING MACHINE?

\$5.95 USA \$8.00 CAN



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